The comicall Hiſtory of the Me
chant of Venice.

Enter *Anthonio, Salaryno,* and *Salanio.*

An. IN ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me, you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came
What ſtuffe tis made of, whereof it is
I am to learne: and ſuch a want-wit ſa
makes of mee,
That I haue much adoe to know my ſe

Salarino. Your minde is toſſing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portlie ſayle
Like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the ſea,
Doe ouer-peere the petty traffiquers
That curſie to them do them reuerence
As they ſlie by them with theyr wouen wings.

Salanio. Beleeue mee ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroade. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſſe to know where ſits the wind,
Piring in Maps for ports, and peers and rodes:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Miſ-fortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth,
vvould blow me to an ague when I thought
vvhat harme a winde too great might doe at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandie howre-glaſſe runne
But I ſhould thinke of ſhallowes and of flatts,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* docks in ſand